July 19, 1860.

There are two routes of travel from Boston to the White Mountains-the eastern, by way of Lake Winnighteogee and the Saco Valley, and the western, up the Connecticut River to Littleton, and thence up the valley of the Ammonoosuc. The former, which we chose, in again subdivided into two branches—one, via Manchester and Concord to Wier's, on Lake Winnipiscoges, and thence by Center Hartor to Cenway, and the other, via Lawrence, Dover, and the Cocheco Railroad to Alton Bay, at the lower extremity of the lake. We pre-ferred the latter of these branches, as affording us the greater quantity of lake travel: those who prefer haste to scenery take the former.

I noticed one change for the better on the Bos ton and Maine road - that of the introduction of a ortable smeking-car. I think I should appre ciate this if I were not a consumer of the delects Me weed: but as I know from experience bow the dreary time we spend in railroad-cars is beswiled by that

"Kind symph to Bacchus bern By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems Gifted apon ter natal more By him with tire, by her with dreams,"

I think the Company has done a commendable thing. Anything that contributes to the comfort of the public (and the public will smoke, oh ye Reformers!) deserves to be praised, and I therefore praise it. There is one thing mere needed-a Spitting, or rather, Chewing Car. I fancy most ladies delicate as their nerves may be, would rather sit in a smoky atmosphere than have their dresses dabbled in the liquid filth which the Chewer is at liberty to discorbe everywhere. In Boston you are fined two dollars for smeking in the streets (or would be, if the law were enforced), but you may apit to your beart's content. The genuine smoker does not spit: he offers only the rarest and most fragrant incense to his god: and why his coarser brother should be tolerated and he proscribed, is what I cannot understand. But I see my friend Greeler shake his head over this paragraph, and therefore drop my digression.

A smart shower on Monday night had laid th dust the air was like fluid diamend, and the forcets sparkled and gleamed as if newly varnished. We flew past Lawrence, noticed the melancholy site of the Pemberton Mills, admired the cerulear blue of the Merrimack at Haverhill, found the further scenery tame, and in course of time reached Dover, where we were transcrived to the Cocheco Read. Our company considered almost entirely of "through fares," bound for the White Mountains.

The Cocheco Road passes through a wild, sterile, and altogether uninviting region, but it is only twenty-eight miles long, and in a little over an hour we embarked on the steamer Dover, at the lower extremity of Lake Winnipiscogee. Alton Bay is a long, narrow inlet between wooded hills. The dark-blue waves danced under a strong northern breeze, but our staupch little steamer swiftly parted them and brought us into the open water, whence we saw, far to the north, the blue outposts of the White Hills. The shores of the lake are rough and wild, but rendered very picturesque by the multitude of coves, inlets, and islands. Winnipiseogee is an almost exact reproduction of some of the Scandinavian Lakes—the Tindsö, in Tellemark, or the Mälar, in Sweden, for instance. Its atmosphere is quite as northern, notwithstanding it lies fifteen degrees further south. On other days it may present warmer tints and softer outlines but with such a keen, bracing wind, under a July sub, my experiences three Summers ago came vividly to my mind, and I almost fancied myself again

We did not see the whole of the lake, owing to a slight misunderstanding of mine, which, after all, to ned out for the best. This route again, I had discovered, is subdivided; there being rival stagelines from Wolfborough and Center Harbor to Conway. Supposing Wolfborough to be at the north-eastern corner of the lake, instead of the south-eastern, as it really is, and learning that the stages thence reached Conway in advance of those from Center Harbor, I left the boat at the former place, and therefore missed seeing, as I had innded, the upper portion of the lake. But, on the other hand, I gained the pleasantest stageroute and the best approach to the mountains, so that, on the whole, the balance was rather in our

At Wolfborough, we had time for dinner at the Pavilion Hotel, a new house built upon a knoll which commands a levely view of the Lower Winnipiscogee. The village, named after Gen. Wolfe. of Quebec memory, is a small but neat and agreeable place. The new stage, with an obliging Mr. Allen as driver, was at the door before we had done admiring it, and we started at half-past one for North Conway, thirty-eight miles distant. I took an outside seat at the start, and thereby made the acquaintance of the editor of the only paper in Carroll Co., who kindly invited me to be correspondent, in case I had no other engagements. Unfortunately, my old habit of writing for the readers of THE TRIBUNE prevented me from accepting his offer

The country rises gradually over a succession of broad hills, which sometimes afford fine views, especially over Smith's Pond, which we passed during the first few miles of our journey, but there is no choice cultivation, no pastoral beauty of landscape to attract the eve. Wheat, which, ten days ago, in Pennsylvania, was mostly harvested, in atill green here: corn looks stunted and weak, and even potatoes, from which we would expect something, exhibit scarcely an average growth. The value of land, I learned, is from \$15 to \$20 per mere; and I should think it dear at that. The farmers, of course, raise barely enough for home consumption; what little profit they have is from grazing. The bay is thin, but of good quality, as sual in billy regions. There seemed to be little growth or development in the country, nor, indeed, could much be expected. A town-house, which we passed, was in a dilapidated condition, with most of the windows broken. "That looks," I remarked, "as if the Douglas and Breckinridge men had been trying to unite, and had broken up in a row, as they have done in other places." The driwer laughed. "There is no more union among them here than anywhere else," he said.

After climbing the hill before reaching Osalpee, we had our last and loveliest view of Lake Winnipiseogee, lying in many a strip of dim silver among the blue hills. A mile further, on the ridge of the Tuftonborough Hills, a nobler panorama awaited us. In front-great tracts of forest, broken in upon here and there by roughly-cleared farmslay the valley of the Saco, while in the north-west rose the White Mountains, showing each separate peak distinctly in the clear air. Checorus, with his pyramid of rock, on the right, and peaked Kearsarge on the left, stood in advance, like senfinels at the entrance of the deep, dim valley, whose walls of increasing elevation seemed buttresses, resting against the shoulders of Mount Washington, the central, dome-shaped monarch of the group. Light clouds were novering in the sky. but above the mountains, and belts of cloud-pandon across the middle distance hightened the sunny warmth of the fereground.

Thenceforward, we overlooked the story soil and the shabby farms. We had enter dartiet land, and even when the forests na rowed of ir prospect, we only saw the picture que in me say rocks and twisted trees. As we approached, the Saco, after passing Six-Mile Pond, much of the scenery consisted of remembrances of Ne.w-York studios. Every foreground was made up of sketches by Shattuck, Coleman, and the younger painters: every background was a complete picty re by Kensett. I watched the shifting quadruple peaks of Chocorna with a peculiar personal interest. Gred-ually they assumed the familiar peation: the crest of sheer rock gleamed with a faint red in the sun that lay so warm upon the hills-yes, there is my Chocorua! And really, at this distance, he towers

not more grandly in the afternoon light, than on those four feet of canvas, in my room at home, "where it is always after the."

I do not think any approach to the White Mountains can be mere beautiful than that of the Saco Valley. You are carried so gently and with such sweetly prolonged surprises, into their hearttouched first, as it were, with their outstatched firgers, held awhile in their arms, and finally taken to their bosom. Their beauty wins before their sublimity was you. On such an evening, with the depth of color increasing as the light fades, bars of alternate gold and violet flung from summits, and through lateral gorges across the valley, and blue glimpses of stream or lake interrunting the rich, uniform green, every turn of the road gives you a new delight, every minute of the fleeting time is more precious than the last.

Now, wherein is this scenery inferior to that of the Scotch Highlands, or the Lower Ale, or the Jura! In no respect to my eyes, but rather fine in its forms and combinations. To be sure, it lack the magic of old associations; but this-if it be a defect-is one which is soon forgotten. The principal difference is one which applies to almost all American scenery. Virgin nature has a complete charm of its own: so has nature under subjection cultivated, enriched, finished as a dwelling-place for men: but that transition state, which is neither one thing nor the other, gives an unsatisfactory impression in the midst of our highest enjoyment Imagine the intervales of the Saco under thorough culture, the grass-fields thick and smooth, the grain beavy, not a stump to be seen, the trees developed in their proper forms, fair pastures on the hillsides, shepherds' cottages high up on the mountains, thrifty villages, farm-houses and summer villas scattered over the landscape, and what is left for the eye to crave? But take it now, with its frequent unsightly clearings, its fields dotted with ngly stumps, and the many single trees which, growing up spindly in the midst of others, are now left standing alone, robbed of their characteristic forms, and you will readily see that here are discordant elements in the landscape. It is not always the absolute superiority of nature which we recognize; we are influenced by these indirect impressions, and they are not to be reasoned away.

Yet, during the last stage of our ride some perfect pictures were presented to us. Mote Mountain, beyond the Saco, lifted a huge mass of blu shadow into the sky; Kearsarge was tipped with yellow light, and, in front, high over the valley, Mount Washington shone in splendid purple. Occasional gaps through the trees gave us limited views, where every feature was fair and harmonious. One farm, in particular, with its white house, high on a ledge of Mote Mountain, where the sunset still lingered, came again and again to sight, thrown so far off by the brown shadows

At dusk we reached North Conway, and found lodgings at the Kearsarge House-a tall, shaky building, crammed with visitors. We were lucky. in fact, in finding quarters at all. Hundreds are turned away during the season. But as the landlord says when people complain of his neglecting to enlarge his bounds: "I have a right to complain that you don't patronize me for eight months of the year." Splendor, so temporary in its uses, will not pay. We found everything clean and convenight and were well estiched

-I thought I should be able to bring my reader through The Notch in this letter, but will be obliged to make a notch here and begin again. B. T.

FROM NEWPORT.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

OCEAN HOUSE, Newport, July 29, 1860. The nose of the handsome tenor is out of joint. The favorite at the Academy and the pet habitué of this pleasant house is distanced by the Benecia Boy, who arrived this morning from New-York, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, the complacent B—— has been allowed to stride about unnoticed and alone.

It was not a little amusing, this morning, to the loungers on the piazza to see the derisive curl of the tener's lip as the majestic pugilist, with a few faithful followers, took his promenade in front of the hotel; and a friend remarking the disappearance of the delight of Irving place. left us for awhile and returning reported, Oh, tell it not in Union square, that the divine creature was in the bar-room! drinking with a common fellow! Verily, muscle triumphs over the expounder of Bellini and the fickleness and matenability of popular favor is again exemplified.

Muscular Christianity is not confined to England, molgré The Saturdoy Review, if one may be permitted to interpret the admiring curiosity of nearly all the good church going people of this fotel this morning, who, ere setting out, stood en masse at the door of the salle a manger regarding the redoubtable Heenan at his breakfast, and then departed to their prayers, though methinks some were hardly in time for the Litany. tener's lip as the majestic pugilist, with a few faithful

though methinks some were hardly in time for the Livany.

Heenan deports himself with great modesty, and

ontinues his life of tectotal temperance, refusing con-tantly the pressing solicitations of his admirers to take a drink."

"take a drink."

How beautiful indeed is this Newport! Since last here, I have visited again the most famous resorts of Europe, and surely Newport will soon, in all material points, surpass them all. The drives, the villas, the equipages, and the incomparable freshness of the air, commend it above all other spots, and we doubt not that in twenty-five years it will be the delight and talk of the fashionable world. The vast increase of money in our ountry, the wonderful advance in public tasts for art, enuty, refinement, and luxury, creates a necessity for his American Baden Baden or Bath, barring their But the glory of the hotels is passing away, and I

But the glory of the hotels is passing away, and I venture the prediction that ere ten years, or even five, are past, there will be but one large hotel here, and not sufficient patronage for that. Already the elite has deserted them, and it is not la chase to stop at a hotel but a few days, if at all. There are less than three hundred people at the Ocean House, a little more than one-third at the Atlantic, and less at the Bellevue and Fillmere. The well-known and fashiomable ones dash by in their elegant carriages, with footmen, and horses' tails à T'Anglaice, tarming a commisserating glance at the plebes on the pazzas of the hotels, who suppose that in coming to Newport they were doing the fine thing; but finding out the charge I speak of, and having no cottages to go into, take precipitate flight to more democratic resorts.

A plainer and less attisfied set of pleasure-scalers I

never met togethe improve matte , and each recurring season will not Stephen A. On for the recoon I stated before. evening. Abughas was expected at the Atlantic last about What a contrast does he present—wandering to country, etunping to the curious and idle—our estudidate, who, a letter from a friend in Spring-field tell a me, pursues the even tenor of his way, and is to be sen, as of old, each day in his office or at the Coast. House, just as if he were not the candidate of the great. Winning party of 1869! But Mr. Douglas came not and I doubt much if he had that he would have contact the constitution of the head that he would have the would not have borne his honors with more modesty.

There is nothing of note to chronicle. On Thursday next Fort Adams will be open, and the Germania Band make the muric to subscribers, and on Monday evening there is a hop advertised for the Atlantic.

As all the grand people go to the cottages, it is not easy to state with any certainty who is here, except Mr. Belmont.

THE RECENT MURDER AT WATERFORD

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. SARATOGA, July 30, 1860. The passengers who, in their pursuit of recreation and pleasure, took the quarter past five o'clock train from Troy for Saratoga, on Saturday last, had an exciting ride. At Waterford the Sheriff of Saratoga County came aboard the train, having in his custody the person of Vanderwerken, the man who had the night before disturbed the quiet of the village of Waterford and filled its inhabitants with excitement by, coolly and with devilish premeditation, murdering at his very door Mr. Sherman, one of the most widely known and esteemed inhabitants of the place. A large crowd, less excited, apparently, than shocked and stunned at the inhuman act, was at the depot awaiting the coming of the train, and eager to see Vanderwerken in his new character of murderer. It took but a few minutes to transfer the man from the depot to the car, but all aboard were soon familiar with the cause of the throng at the station. He was seated in the front seat of the first car, and was cariously regarded by his fellow-passengers. Many gentlemen from the other cars, endaugered their safety by crossing the platform as the train was moving on, to see the unhappy man. But there was no ungentlemanly curicaity displayed as far as I could see, and from the lady travellers, there were many expressions of sympathy for the old man who had committed so unnatural and violent an act. Vanderwerken was handcuffed, and dressed in a good suit of black broadcloth, with a not old beaver hat. His face was pale and sallow, and was rough, with the growth of a two days' gray beard. His cheeks sunken, his mouth firmly set, and his blue eyes fixed, and somewhat wild in their expression. He showed the effects of strong nervous excit them, appearing in many respects, like a man just up from a heavy drinking spell. He did not speak at word from the time he left Waterford, until he reached Ballston, to which place he was carried to be confined in the county jail, to await his trial. At Ballston, he was expected, for a large crowd was collected at the station. The sheriff took him hastily off the car, and walked with him through the crowd to the jail, which is but about 50 rods from the station. There were some faint s exciting ride. At Waterford the Sheriff of Saratoga County came aboard the train, having in his custody more than the severe ordeal of passing through the mass of people, and hearing the numerous expressions of abhorrence for his horid act. The circumstances of the death are such as to leave no doubt of the author of it. Harrison Sherman, the murdered man, was the trackmaster of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad at Waterford. Vanderwerken, the alleged murderer, is a resident of Waterford, and a next-door neighbor of Sherman. The cause that induced him to commit the act is one so slight, that it shows him to be a man far gone in malice, and to be possessed of a real murderer's heart. Mr. Sherman was one of the Trustees of the town of Waterford, and as such it was hit duty to inspect and superintend the im-

one of the Trustees of the town of Waterford, and as such it was his duty to inspect and superintend the improvements of the village, to see that the streets were kept in a proper condition, and to attend to other like offices. It seems that the streets and the gutters in front of his own house and that of Vanderwerken were in a defective condition, and required repairs. He reported the same, and Vanderwerken was informed of poried the same, and Vanderwerken was informed of the fact, and given notice to remedy the defect or be subject to having it done by the town authorities and at his expense. He did not make the required repairs, and so about three weeks ago the town did the work; and he was forced to foot the bill—a matter of but \$10 or \$15. Regarding Sherman as the cause of this com-pelled expenditure, and jealous of bis authority, he cherished for him the most revengeful feelings, and openly threatened to take his life. Sherman heard of these threats, but did not believe them anything more than the harmless expressions of an excited and one

these threats, but did not believe them anything more than the harmless expressions of an excited and cassionate man, although he knew Vanderwerken to be a hard drinker, and violent and malicious. Though he was often intoxicated, it is said on the day of the murder he was entirely sober. He borrowed a shotgun of a neighbor, saying he was going to shot plover. He took it home and charged it well with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman come out of his door and throw something into the street. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon trened and passed toward his house. When he was near his door Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman

he was near his door Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned half around, and the father immediately fired, lodging the whole contents of the gun in his victim's heart. As he was close by him, the charge took terrible effect, and the poor man fell instantly dead. Several persons who were near saw the whole proceeding, but the murderer's son was the nearest one to him at the time he fired. The whole thing was so rapidly done that no one could have had time to interfere had the purpose of the inhuman man been known to them. Vanderwerken was immediately arrested. He said to the people who gathered around, "I said I'd do it, "and you didn't believe me; but you see I meant "what I said." He also remarked that there were two other persons in Waterford whom if he could shoot he would be willing to die.

He was confined during the night, and the case was examined on the following day by a Coroner's Jury. The facts I have related were in substance testified to, and Vanderwerken was committed to the County Jail to await trial for the murder. As I have before said, he was conveyed thither in the train which passed through Waterford at about 6 o'clock on Saturday.

Harrison Sherman was under the employ of the Rensselaer and Saratega Railroad as track-master, and was a man generally respected, of quiet manners, and in no wise overheaving.

Renseelaer and Saratoga Railroad as truck-master, and was a man generally respected, of quiet manners, and in no wise overbearing. He was 35 years of age and leaves a wife and family of four young children. William T. Vanderwerken is at the advanced age of 57 years, and has not borne a good character. He was given to intoxication, and drew often upon the generosity of his relatives for his support. He has a wife and several grown up children. By her he is related to one of the wealthiest men of Waterford. His son is placed in that most unhappy of positions where he will be obliged to bear testimony against his own father. With such facts as these I have related, testified to by eye-witnesses, there can be no doubt of Vanderwerken's guilt. He will be tried, doubtless, at the September term of the Court which will sit at Ballston.

September term of the Court which will see as Dan-ston.

The most intense excitement exists throughout the whole country hereabouts, and the bloody transaction is a general topic of conversation among the pleasure-seckers here at Saratoga. The people seem to lament the passage of the late law in regard to capital punish-ment, and in the heat of their excitement cry "blood for blood." It is one of the most cool blooded, atro-cious murders ever recorded—committed in the almost broad daylight, and in a public street of a considerable town; and on a pretext so slight that were it not for broad dayinght, and in a public street of a considerable town; and on a pretext so slight that were it not for the assertion that the murderer was sober during the whole day of the transaction, one could be inclined to think the man mad. But it was the madness of a man who harbors and cherisbes revengeful and murderous feelings, and who can claim no exemption on that score from the penalty which justice affixes to his crime.

We are informed that the steamship City of Washington, which a rived on Tuesday, was off Cape Race from 4 a. m. to 9 a. m. of Friday last. It will be remembered that the news-boat of the Associated Press was lost in the fog on Thursday night, after boarding the Prince of Wales's squadron, and did not reach the Cape till after 9 a. m. of Friday. The canister containing the news for the Association was thrown overboard about eight miles south of the Cape in a dense fog, upon the clearing up of which Capt. Jeffrey stood in for the Cape, passing very near it, and several guns were fired. The absence of the boat prevented the ship being boarded, and a package of news was made up and sent ashore, with the latest papers, by a fishing boat. The courteous and friendly spirit shown to the Press by the officers of the City of Washington is worthy of especial acknowledgment at their hands.

TALL GRASS .- B. F. Miller, in emulation of other rowers of tall vegetation, sends us a single stalk of imothy grass which measures six feet six inches in hight. It is rather spindling in size, and probably does not contain as much nutriment as a shorter and thicker

REPUBLICANISM AND SLAVERY.

A SPEECH BY SAMUEL T. GLOVER.

Delivered at a Republican Meeting in St. Louis, FELLOW-CITIZENS: When any one rises now-a-days

to make a political speech, it is unnecessary to inquire what the subject is to be. You should know already, what the subject is to be. You should know already, that negre Slavery in some aspect or other must be the theme. Everything else has been satisfactorily dis posed of. Our railroads are all finished, our rivers and arbors have been put into proper condition, do nestic industry spjoys all requisite protection, commerce, in ternal and external, has no further claims on our attention. Ar and science, peace and war, have ceased to interest us, unless they can connect themselves with the sll absorbing subject. The fact is, for the lest eight or ten years, our people have been employed in what Bacon called the proudest work of man. They have been planning new States and Commonwealths, and seeking the best material for the foundation of those noble structures. There is but one question now re maining for discussion. That question is whether Freedom or Slavery is the better rock on which to build.

Freedom or Slavery is the better rock on which to build. Whether the white man from the foot of the Caucasus, or the back man from the banks of the Calabar shall be relied upon to give tone to these future commonwealths, and impress his character upon their histories. I ought, perhaps, to say at the outset, that there i nothing ridiculous in the queetion which has been stated. Of course not; for it is a great party question, which is widely discussed, and of momentous importance, worked up as it has been into the politics of the times, and threatening as it does the very existence of the Government under which we live. The Republican party of this day are the advocates of Freedom, and are led on by Mr. Lincoln of Illinois. The Democratic party are the advocates of Slavery, and claim for their champion Mr. Breckiuridge of Kentucky. There is a third party, led on by Mr. Douglas of Illinois, an ingenious and scheming statesman, who has been seeking so long to squat himself somewhere between the two extremes, and who at last is acceptable to neither. The fate of Mr. Douglas has been portrayed by the hand of a master whose skill cannot be gainsayed: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert either cold or hot. "So then because thou art lukewarm and neither cold in por hot. I would thou wert either cold or hot. "So then because thou art lukewarm and neither cold in or hot. I would thou wert either cold or hot. will be soon, and "didn't care whether Slavery was voted up or voted down," the public lost, to a great extent, their interest in him. He who does not gare for the truth, nor is he yet a comrade warmly welcomed among her enemiss. He is anything or he is nothing. I think, my friends, that Mr. Douglas has been, or will be soon, spued out by the whole country. There is good scripture for it, and it must be so. But there is another party claiming your suffrages in the canvass, which I must not omit to mention. I mean the Boll and Everett party. They call themselves the Constitutional

Amase the gasing rustics ranged around?

My friends, as tonching the great issues of the day, I do not know where Mr. Bell stands. Do you know where he stands? Can any man say from his platform what his opinions are? Mr. Breckinridge says the Constitution is part of our Territorial laws, and carries Slavery with it. Mr. Lincoln disputes both these propositions. Mr. Donglas, who is in a betweenity, and avoids responsibility, says he believes the Constitution to be whatever the Supreme Court decides it to be.

Mr. Bell will say nothing but that he is for the Constitution and the laws; and I suppose, gentlemen, in these hard times, when there is such a scarcity of backbone material in the country, this ought to be sufficient.

bone material in the country, this ought to be sufficient.

Now, I will give you my own opinion of John Bell, and it is this, that whenever he is compelled to take ground upon this question of Slavery Propagandism, he will be found as intensely Pro-Slavery as Hunter of Virginia or Davis of Mississippi. I know nothing of him beyond his votes and speeches in Congress, and by these I make that judgment of the man.

Fellow-citizens, it was long the boast and pride of Americans that they inhabited a country and enjoyed a Government whose people and political institutions were to regenerate the world.

It is no error to assert that this sentiment was largely shared by the people of other countries. The great idea of this national pride and hope was Freedom.

This idea was supposed to lie at the bottom of our

idea of this national pride and hope was Freedom.

This idea was supposed to lie at the bottom of our system, and to uphold by its single power the entire mighty superstructure. It constituted the distinguishing feature between us and the rest of the world. The old cetablishments had reposed upon the dogma of man's incapacity, and looked to force and fraud as the natural elements of social order. Ours was to rest upon the simple basis of Freedom, and claimed for this normal principle a vital and eternal energy. Freedom was the foundation, and Freedom was to be the capital of the pillar. Freedom was the fountain from which was to flow the virtue and intelligence, the health and wealth, the strength and prosperity of the government our fathers made, and such was their thought and hope in making it—Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Franklin and Mason being judges. They were not compelled to this course. They preferred Freedom, they preferred the white man; the black material was already in the country, and they were free to build upon it, had their judgments approved. In 1787-8-9 the nevro was here and had been for a long time before. His natural qualities and merits were well understood. The negro was here, I say, but he was not then a stateman whose advice was necessary, nor was his presence deemed essential otherwise to the progress and prosperity of the country, nor was he a great political power, awing and overshadowing the land. On the contrary, the gentleman from Africa, now so important, was looked upon as a suspicious person, whose association the Fathers of the Republic were desirous to eachew and not to overshadowing the land. On the contrary, the gentleman from Africa, now so important, was looked upon as a suspicious person, whose association the Fathers of the Republic were desirous to eschew and not to cultivate. Indeed, if we credit Mr. Madison's report of the proceedings of the Federal Convention, most disrespectful and contemptuous language was constantly employed against him by such as knew him best. At one time it was said he had brought the "curse of Heaven" upon the States in which he lived. Then he was spoken of as "a wretched slave." Then it was poured down upon his head that he was "a calamity." Another said that he had corrupted "the manners" of his white countrymen, and, worse than all, had converted his "own master" into "a petty tyrant." If this was true, you must admit that it was no common crime! But I am not done with the reproaches—I believe I ought to say the downright insults—that were thrown out against Sambo in those days. The Virginians charged him flatly with practicing a fraud upon them in the way in which he cultivated their lands so as to impoverish and wear them out. They then shifted the mode of assault, and asseverated most strennously that he had deilberate plans on foot "to prevent the emigration of whites, who really "enriched and strengthened a country." Thus beset in front and rear, poor Sambo was charged in flatk with a secret but steady and devilish opposition to "arts and manufactures," and the whole storm which burst from every quarter of the country above his defenceless head was wound up with more than an insinuation against his patriotism, in this, that he did not and would not face the British.

This, I believe, fellow-citizens, was true, and I must think hardly of Sambo for it. Under all the circum-

than an insimuation against his patriotism, in this, that he did not and would not face the British.

This, I believe, fellow-citizens, was true, and I must think hardly of Sambo for it. Under all the circumstances, he certainly should have shed his blood in defense of his adopted country. In a word, he had no friends, and but few spologists. The best that any man said of him was that he was a useless fellow, who, if let alone, would ere long go off of his own accord and rid the country. To be serious, fellow-citizens, the men who made our Federal Constitution were Anti-Slavery men, willing to tolerate the evil where it was; but diametrically opposed to its extension. On this point there should be no dispute. The sentiments which they expressed are positive and conclusive, and they are written everywhere, in the history of that day, by words and deeds, in characters of light as bright and durable as the stars. That they made a Slavery-extending Constitution is a monstrous proposition. I have said they desired to eschew the negro. They did eschew him. The spirit and policy and the whole power of the General Government was exerted against further connection with him. They made a Constitution which intentionally avoided the use of the word "slave." It was considered an odious word, discreditable to a nation that had fought for Liberty and wished to perpetuate her name and influence. They denounced the slave-trade as immoral, prohibited its existence, and punished it as a crime; they made all

their territory free; they mourned over the existence of Slavery in the States, and earnestly hoped and predicted that with the spread of knowledge and religion it would disappear from the land. My friends, this was over seventy years age. The men of that day are gone—the warrior statesmen are dead.

How stand we now? Why, our modern Democrate have discovered that the assistance of the African is receptified to good government.

have discovered that the assistance of the African is essential to good government. That the value of freedom has been over-estimated, that Slavery is better than freedom, and the regret is not that Slavery was ever introduced among us, but that it did not and does not cover the whole land like the waters of the great deep cover the sea.

ever introduced among us, but that it did not and does not cover the whole land like the waters of the great deep cover the sea.

That such a people as ours have been so impressed and so tried, or that any respectable portion of them should have become the advocates of any system of human Slavery—should seek to cultivate and cherish such an institution—to plant it in new soils and there perpetuate it, is one of those wonderful freaks, not belonging to the ordinary course of human action.

The cause of this phenomenon may possibly be traced to the peculiar position of the Democratic party within the last fifteen years, as holding the official control of the Government, and resorting to every means of maintaining their political ascendancy. But I am dealing with a fact, and not inquiring into its cause. Whatever the cause may be, the fact is before us—the astounding fact—that the free people of America—the only free people in the world, as we have been wont to call curselves—are on the eve of becoming a nation of Slavery propagandists. The mission of the American patriot now, is to go back to the beginning and reconsider and reëstablish, if he can, the great principle upon which the Government set out. The duty of the present bour is to retry the issues at the great bar of public opinion. Is Slavery better than freedom? Its free labor better than slave labor? Is a State stronger and sounder when its people are free men, who look up to the State for protection and receive it with gratitude, or when they are slaves, who conceive thewselves oppressed by the State, and of course are hostile to its authority? This, I say, is the duty of the present hour. The Democratic party within the fifteen years that have just past, have been

the duty of the present hour. The Democratic party within the fitteen years that have just past, have been growing in their devotion to Arrican Slavery, until they have reached an ultimatum. It is now with them a good institution. They are not content with pronouncing it a good institution; they approbate it as a blessing. They call it divine. They can say no more for Christianity than they say for Slavery. Once we were only asked to tolerate it as an evil, because it could not be extracted from the old structures with which it had been unfortunately interwoven; now we are commanded to fall down and worship. Once it begged its way through appeals to forbearance and indulgence, and rested upon compromise and status law; now it has become exacting and defant, rises above the law, takes its place beside the habeas corpus and trial by jury, and assumes to stand everywhere within the national domain as sacred and immovable as the Constitution within the States. Fellow-citizens, this is the feature in the politics of our country which has shocked and excited our social systems to their lowest depths, which has disrupted literary associations, rent asunder religious communities, broken political parties to pieces, revolutionized the tone and action of the Government, and fixed upon our future course the steady gaze of the civilized world.

To arrest and overthrow this violent, false, and flagitious movement, the Republican party has started into existence, and it is now the duty of every citizen who regards his own personal interest, or the public good, or the honor of his country, to aid and assist in this most just and honest purpose.

If Slavery be in fact a blessing, then the Democrats are right in all the positions they hold in regard to it. Unquestionably it is our duty to seize and retain and propagate every plessing, and expend its influence to the utmost limit. But is Slavery a blessing? I deny it. It is denied by a l civilized communities not so involved with its existence as to be compeled to justify and de go ix, by props and says and oars, the range in which his lordly boughs may sweep amid the rocking of the tempest. Destroy in this way, if you please, the liberty even of a tree; violate in this manner the laws of its nature, and the king of trees will languish—the delicate rose will not more certainly droop and die. I say the majestic oak will wither and fall to the earth a blasted and lifeless thing. Now, do you suppose that men and societies and States are exceptions to this universal rule? Are they of all things else alone unharmed by perverting the laws of their nature? Is it true that liberty is essential to the growth of a potato or a cabbage, and yet of no value to the development of a man or of the power and grandeur of a State? This question may be answered differently by the political debaters or speculative philosophers of the day, who find their interest or prejudice in the subject.

But in the practical working out of principl—in the actual experience of life—there is but one answer:

"In the world's broad field of battle; In the bivouse of life, we must not be dumb, driven cattle—We must not be dumb, driven cattle—We must not be dumb, driven cattle—We must not be fired." and the spirit

We must be heroes in the strife."

The business of man's life is "real," and the spirit with which he should pursue it, if he pursues it well must be "earnest." He must have patience; he must have courage; a watchfulness that never sleeps; and a hope that never fades. Then his course of life is crowned with enthusiasm, and resolved in the highest power and in the highest success of which the man is capable. This it is to throw ourselves, like heroes, into the condicts of business, and win, by battling with adverse men and adverse fortune, as warriors battle on another field for their victories, whatever we shall reck as the aims and ends of life.

Now there is not one of these attributes of a success-

with adverse men and adverse fortune, as warriors battle on another field for their victories, whatever we shall seek as the atms and ends of life.

Now there is not one of these attributes of a successful business life which belongs to Slavery. There is nothing in the condition of the slave that calls for them. The living stream, however obstructed, will never rise above its fountain head. A human action for a similar reason can never assume a higher or nobler form than its human motive. To the free white man all motives are present; of course all hopes and aspirations. His way of life, his choice of means, his home, his family, his country, ambition for wealth, for honor, or power, all that the world denominates, and all the human heart adores as glory. To the African slave there is one only motive—subsistence. The narrow space allotted to lodging, food, raiment, bounds his whole horizon. If he labors ill, he is entitled to there; the kindness of the master concedes them. If he labors well, these are best rewards. He expects no others. The consequence is, his rush to labor is not like Homer's Diomede to battle; whose "ringing arms resounded as he sprung," but more like Godlike Hector's, "maje-tically slow." African slaves are not beroks—are not enthusiasts in labor. If they were free, it has been said, they would do no better. Let this be conceded, is that a reason why they should supply the places of white men in the Governments we are to rear in the Weet, and possibly the South? An industrious free white man will, in the course of a few years, accumulate a handsome estate beside supporting his family. In the course of a lifetime he may be worth millions, rivaling the Benoists, the Pages, the Walshes, Barneses, and Christys of your city. We hay almost any slave so long as he lives for a few hundred dollars. Nor has this species of labor ever been any better. It has been more than three thousand years since an ancient Greek poet sang, with more of any better. It has been more than three thousand years since an ancient Greek poet sang, with more of

tubborn fact than poetry,

"God fixed it certain that whatever day
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away If it is considered a blessing that Slavery cheapens the price of men and women, it must be remembered that when they are paid for even at this low rate, the that when they are paid for even at this low rate, the purchase money may still exceed the value of the article. I do not wish to dwell on the philosophy of Slavery. I do not propose to go at length into the nature of mind and motive, and demand of the advocates of the institution to show how the blessing is generated, or where it falls. I have an opinion of my own that no sane mind at this time of the world can approve of Slavery as an original proposition. That such minds will only tolerate it as a matter of necessity where it cannot be helped. I think the Democrats have used it as a political machine. They have bespattered it with praises which have no foundation in fact, and they have raised the cry of extension and divine right in

order to arouse, and excite, and concentrate the vote of six wholding communities, and for political ends, am quite sure they believe Six very to be an evil; an if there was none in the country they would epoce in

introduction.

My friends, it is a remarkable fact that the America colonies resisted long and steadily the importation these Africans. In every instance their opposition we overcome by the influence or authority of the Britis Sovereigns, who were interested in the traile, at forced it upon the people against their will.

Mo community was willing to accept this great blee ing in the last century. It may be confidently asserted no community can now be found who, as an origin proposition, are prepared to commit their industrial a economical relations into the hands of Africans. Tacknowledged inferiority of the negro in the absence of all other considerations, would be sufficient guarant against the suicidal staps. But there is a great difference between avoiding an evil in the beginning a ridding ourselves of it after it has been allowed to taroot. Men will discuss with some freedom and impainantly almost any original policy to which their min are directed. If you can find a people, however, we are already the victims of an error which has be fixed upon them by the folly or minfortune of their sectors, they may not only approve, but may sing the grain. fixed upon them by the folly or majortane of their a cestors, they may incline to make a virtue of necessit. They may not only approve, but may sing the state of that very error. Passion and prejudice, like a tendrils of the vine, will cling to whatever is in the reach. You know that no country is so desting worth, so wanting in the comforts of life, but that people conceive for it an attachment.

"Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first best country ever is at home."
So too with the institutions and things to which we have been accustomed; we inclide toward them simply because we have had them. The mind yields its habits with reductance, and we sustain them even while we doubt.

with reluctance, and we sustain them even while we doubt.

Fellow-citizens, when I remember how generally and how deeply averse to African Slavery the colonists were—how they struggled and fought against it—bow with uplifted hands they implored the Kings and Queens of old England to save them from this thing, and remember how, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, these sovereigns "prostituted their negative by suppressing "every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain the "execrable commerce;" when I call all this to mind, and then hear some of our Southern statemen proclaiming that Free society is a failure and Slavery a blessing, tested by experience, I cannot keep out of my mind the little story which Esop has told us, of the fox that lost his tail. Reynard was accidentally except in a trap, and came very near losing his life, but extricated himself with the loss only of his tail. "He was a good deal mortified," and fully sensible that something had to be done to sustain his position before the community. He made a bold push, therefore, to redeem himself, turned Democratic orator, mounted the stump, harangued his fellow-citizens with boldness and volubility, proclaimed far and wide that a trap was a divine institution, insisted on his peculiar advadtages now above other men, discoursed generally on the blessings of having no tail, and of the constitutional right of all foxes to have their tails cut off!

There is one thing connected with this view of the subject, which has always addressed itself to my mind with peculiar power. It is this: that the presence of African Slavery among us should be deemed a blessing, and the African slave-trade itself should be one sidered an evil. The African slave-trade, under our statutes, is a horrible crime; is classed with piracy and murder, and punished with death. The civilized nations have bonded together to make common cause and sweep it from the earth. Now, this African slave-trade, which is such an abominable crime, is the source and cause of Slavery in all the coun

sweep it from the earth. Now, this African slave-trade, which is such an abominable crime, is the source and cause of Slavery in all the countries where it exists, and is the polluted fountain out of which has spring our blessed institution. In this instance then evil produces goed. But the existence of slave-holding communities, which open a market for slaves, and pay for and encourage the prosecution of the trade, is the cause of the African slave-trade. You must know if there were no slave-holding communities—no places where Africans could be bought or sold after they were brought over from Africa in slave-ships, there would be no slave-trade. It is the existence of communities that hold slaves, and protect and defend the institution which supports and fosters and keeps alive the slave-trade. Here you see that good produces cvil. Now, I ask you, fellow-citizens, is this the language of truth? On the contrary, does it not commend itself to your judgment even though it had not been written by the finger of God:

"That every tree is known by its own froit. For of thems were done of the trade, and of the procedure they trave."

been written by the finger of God:

"That every tree is known by its own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, not of a bramble bush gather they grapes, for a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit, settler dots a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

It is in the logical procees that if slavery is a blessing, then the African slave trade cannot be an evil. And if the African slave trade be a good institution, then it should be thrown wide open, and this great and good instrumentality turned to the best account. Perhaps Great Britain might be induced by our Democratic philanthropists to substitute slaves in place of her ingenious husbandmen and operatives; maybe the French nation would be intelligent enough to fill all their departments with negroes. The Germans and Saxons are supposed to be tolerably astute in finding out their interest, and would seize at once upon such solid advantages. Would it not be well to dispense pretty much with white men except so far as they might be found essential to slavery as owners of a race more fortunate

with white men except so far as they might be found essential to slavery as owners of a race more fortanate and more blessed than their own?

No man can deny that the teachings of the Democrats on the negro question lead this way. Those who inculcate false ideas must not be surprised when others press them on to their natural results.

The propagandism of the Democracy has already begun to develop itself in two of its horrid features—the revival of the African slave trade to our own shores, and that other not less iniquitous and piratical movement on our own soil, and wistin the slaveholding and that other not less iniquitous and piratical movement on our own soil, and within the slaveholding
States, the sale into slavery, without a crime on their
part, of our free negro population! Governor Stewart vetoed the free negro bill, and I honor him for it;
but I remark that in doing so he departed from his
party doctrines. He denied the goodness of the institution. If slavery be an evil, then the veto was right;
if it is a blessing, then the veto was wrong, and there
was no occasion for the Governor's quotation from
Burns:

"Man's inhumanity to man."

was no occasion for the Governor's quotation from Burns:

"Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn."

Fellow-citizens, political economists tell us, and they tell us truly, that the grandeur of a State depends in a great degree upon the number of its inhabitants. A few men can never constitute a powerful or even a respectable State—numbers are requisite. For it is by numbers that you multiply the virtue, intelligence, and value of individuals. All this implies that these numbers must not be paupers—must not be invalide—must not be alaves. For how was any State ever made more confident in the management of its domestic affairs—or how could any State ever strike terror into the hearts of its foes, because a large portion of its people were slaves? Slavery is one of those blessings of which it is not well to enjoy too much. Nations with hostile and powerful neighbors have often realized this truth. No enemy is so dull as not to understand this. During our Revolutionary war, Dr. Samuel Johnson, the British essayist, wrote a pamphlet suggesting an infamous scheme for the destruction of the Virginia patriots. He advised Lord Dunmore to arm the slaves and turn thom against their masters. There was no period of the war when the Southern States were not embarrased by this class of their population. It is in time of war when the nation strains her strength—when her salvation depends upon the soldiers she can rally to her standard, upon their number, upon their devotion—that this part of the subject is best understood. Then the question is fearfully asked, "What "constitutes the State?" and then the answer is given in the noble lines of Sir William Jones:

"Not high ruled battlen cut nor labored menud, Thick wal, nor moted gate;"

Not high raised battlen ent nor labored mound,
Thick wall, nor moted gate;
Nec cities vast, with spires and turnets crowned,
But men, high minded men.
Who know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain
Free men—these continute the flasts."

But men, high minded men.
Who know their rights and, knowing, dare maintain.
Free men—these constitute the fiste."

My friends, Slavery does not contribute, like Freedom, to the wealth of a country. It does not contribute, like Freedom, to its defenses against external foes, and it does not, I think, contribute to the internal quiet and peace of a country. If it does, our people will doubtless be grateful for the information. If it has done anything to instill into the minds of our people sentiments of harmony; if it has tended to cherish fraternal affections; if it has added to the popular reverence for law; if it has strengthened the bonds of our Federal Union, and some one will stand forth and satisfy us of the fact, he will furnish one argument, at least, for its extension—he will entitle himself to all the honor of the Democracy, and, what is more, the general plaudits of his countrymen.

My friends, in all countries, and in all times, the slavery of the human species (and there have always been, and are now, more white slaves that black) has been the source of constant and bitter excitement. Other controversies grow cold and wear themselves out. The question of Freedom or Slavery is one of those volcanic issues that burns from age to age. The fact is, that Slavery is not an institution which has, or over had, the uncontrolled and voluntary approbation of mankind. All will agree with you that the cultivation of wheat, corn, sugar and cotton is a blessing. All agree that the breeding and rearing of flocks and herds of domestic animals is a blessing. There are ten thousand things around as which we enjoy, and whose existence we can trace to the goodness and beneficence of the Father,

"Whose bounty shows in satuma uncontaned, And spreads a common feast for all that here."

"Whose bounty shiess in antuum unconfined, And spreads a common feast for all that fives."
But it is not so clear that Slavery is one of these. Whether one man shall own another has always been debated. The master has generally insisted on his right as long as it was in his power and his interest so to do. The master has asserted his right by the same transments in every age. The philesophy of Slavery is the same to-day that it was in ancient Greece. Hear